# MORT, THE DEAD TEENAGER

"Death Pays All Debts... Except For Mort's"

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TEASER

EXT. WEDDING CHAPEL -- LATE AFTERNOON

GENTLE HARP MUSIC plays, and CHURCH BELLS RING as an angelic white BUTTERFLY flutters past a tiny wedding chapel.

Suddenly, a MONSTER ORGAN CHORD (“Toccata in Fugue”) scatters a HORDE OF BATS from under the eaves, one scarfing down the BUTTERFLY as it flaps PAST CAM, effecting a --

BAT WIPE TO:

INT. CHAPEL -- IN THE BACK -- CONTINUOUS

MONSTER MUSIC CONTINUES as a BRIDE IN WHITE lifts her veil to reveal the wrinkled face of GRANDMA GRAVES, a cigarette hanging from her lips. The music SEGUES into the WEDDING MARCH.

GRANDMA’S POV - THE ALTAR - and her decrepit 102 YEAR OLD GROOM, smiling with gap-mouthed senility and a thin comb-over.

BACK ON GRANDMA -- she exhales a dollar sign($) puff of smoke and bares a haggy, toothless smile, popping her dentures in to make it pearly white. She then glowers at the door.

GRANDMA
Where is that slacker grandson of mine?

WIDEN to reveal her other grandson, 10 year old KYLE, YANKING the Poor Box right off the wall, kicking it, struggling to open it.

KYLE
Mort’s a little late, Granny. Remember? The “late” Mort Graves? As in “dead”. Cold as mold, just a fungus among us. Say... mind if I borrow that?

Kyle takes her aluminum walker and uses it to SMASH OPEN the poor box, the unsupported Grandma TOPPLING over and O.S. -- THUD.

GRANDMA (OS)
(oof!)

DRIP WIPE TO:

INT. NETHERWORLD MAUL -- SAME TIME

We establish various Netherworld teen hangouts like “Taco Hell”, McDead Meats”, “Gloomingdales”, etc.

ANGLE ON STOREFRONT -- “BONES AND NOBLE, BOOK CELLARS”

PAN TO books displayed in the window*, “The Scar Wars Eulogy”* and *“Tickle Me To Death, Elmo”* along with the magazine *“TIME’S UP”* with the cover *“Perdition: Hell’s Hottest Holiday Spot”.*

SOFT CUT TO:

INT. BONES AND NOBLE -- CONTINUOUS

PAN PAST BOOK SIGNING TABLES -- comical ZOMBIED CUSTOMERS line up where J. EDGAR HOOVER sits in drag among stacks of his book, *“Inside My Drawers At The FBI”.* And KURT KOBAIN with TUPAC SHAKUR and their book, *“The Brady Bill: Why We Like It... Now.”*

PAN PAST AN AISLE SIGN reading *“HORNY TEEN SECTION”* to a *“National Geo-Carnage”* magazine, the cover showing a volcano sacrifice, naked native women barely concealed by the hand of:

MORT GRAVES -- who whips the magazine out of sight upon hearing:

TEEN DEATH (OS)
Being stuck in perpetual puberty can be a real handful, eh, Mort?

WIDEN to include the skeletal and skull-faced TEEN DEATH, taking the magazine from him, looking at it with a grin.

TEEN DEATH (CONT)
What ever burns in your urn, bud.

MORT
(slightly embarrassed)
Uh... hi, Teen Death. I was just... um, killin' time.

TEEN DEATH
I'd be careful! "Time" holds a grudge, you know.

They REACT to a SQUELCH of the P.A. SYSTEM --

ANGLE ON THE CLERK - near the registers, who is actually JANIS JOPLIN, wailing into the microphone, singing --

JANIS JOPLIN
(singing)
We're closing, so "Take another five minutes of my time, now baaaaabyyyy!"

FAST PAN TO MORT -- PUSH IN as he suddenly realizes.

MORT
What? It's almost eight? Oh, man, Grandma's wedding!!!

Mort starts straining like he's birthing a baby, an ECTOPLASMIC AURA visually forming around him, though it fades in and out.

MORT
(straining)

TEEN DEATH
Hey, rookie. Your ectoplasm is running way too rich.

He gives him a little finger thump, and POP -- Mort disappears.

Suddenly, a cadaverous female hand with jeweled rings reaches into CLOSE FOREGROUND to pull the book, *"Stinkin King's Skeleton Coup"* from the shelf, her blond hair flowing.

Teen Death turns, then REACTS with a carnal smile.

TEEN DEATH
Welll, don't you look sweet and spoiled rotten. Got a name on that toe tag?

DRIP WIPE TO:

INT. CHAPEL -- LATE AFTERNOON

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON THE GROOM -- eyes closed, as, in slow motion, Grandma presses her lips against his.

PULL OUT and ROTATE in as we go back into real time to reveal the Groom is on the floor, dead, getting mouth to mouth.

GRANDMA
(breathless)
You couldn't wait two stinkin' minutes?!

Grandma gives a cardiac THUMP to his chest, popping his false teeth into the air, which land back in his mouth as he REVIVES.

GROOM
(startled grunt)
Huh? Wha...? No, did I miss my Honeymoon, again?!
(flirtatiously)
Was it good for you?

ANGLE ON THE ELDERLY PREACHER -- holding his bible, peering at them over his glasses with slight impatience.

PREACHER
Ahem...as I was saying, before the groom suddenly dropped dead... Dearly beloved, we are gathered here...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NEAR CHAPEL -- LATE AFTERNOON

The ectoplasmic Mort is having great difficulty materializing, finally taking shape, then turning and colliding with --

A MOHAWKED, TATTOOED, NOSE-RINGED HOOD with a sewn-on ear, who was just STEALING a radio out of a parked POLICE CAR.

MORT
Oof! Oh, sorry about -- URK!

HOOD
(primal, guttural growl)

The Hood grabs Mort, holding him off the ground by his shirt, shucking his body of all valuables, fishing in his front pocket.

MORT
Do you think we can do this on the way to that Chapel? You can take everything, just -- Ow! Except for that! And those!

HOOD
(impatient, grunt, REACTING TO:)

THE OPPOSITE SIDEWALK -- where a cruller-munching COP chalks the tires of parked cars with his rod, setting off alarms as he goes.

BACK ON THE HOOD -- REACTING, then YANKING open a large NEWSPAPER VENDING MACHINE, cramming Mort inside, and slamming it shut.

HOOD
(angry grunt)

Hood DASHES off -- PUSH IN on Vending Machine to Mort's comically smooshed face. After trying to muster up some ectoplasm --

MORT
(strains, gives up)
Ahh! I'm Ecto'd out!
(calling out)
Um... anybody got a quarter? (beat) A slug...? Crowbar?

PULL BACK - as Mort continues his pathetic sales pitch.

MORT (CONT)(VO)
(growing more desperate)

Wow, hey... check the values on this coupon page. And this headline, (whistles) *"Baby Born With Mustache, Mother Tickled To Death!"* Anybody?

FADE OUT
END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. CHAPEL -- LATE AFTERNOON

MORT'S POV -- LOOKING THROUGH NEWSPAPER VENDING MACHINE GLASS at a VAGRANT, who tugs from a wine bottle in a paper bag.

VAGRANT
And that's when I realized that the views of this yellow journal were exceedingly distorted, merely liberal propaganda pawned off on the ignorant public as news. So "no", I will not buy your over-priced rag. (belch)

The Vagrant gets up and WALKS AWAY --

MORT (VO)
(calling after him)
Yeah, well... it's just a blanket to you, anyway, pal!

The swizzling Vagrant unknowingly moves RIGHT THROUGH an ectoplasmic glowing TEEN DEATH, unable to see him.

Teen Death bends to look in at Mort.

TEEN DEATH
Your circulation will never increase with such a rotten attitude.

CLOSE ON MORT'S SQUISHED FACE

MORT
What circulation? I'm gettin' gangrene in here!

TEEN DEATH
Ah yes, "gangrene"...my formative years.

TEEN DEATH straightens, pats his empty pockets but comes up empty. He eyes the embedded rear-view mirror in his skull, as FZZT -- it becomes solid, reflecting the SETTING SUNLIGHT at:

THE COP now pulling away in his CAR. He REACTS to the glare, SWERVING and CRASHING into a parking meter, coins clattering to the ground.

FOLLOW ONE QUARTER -- as it rolls over to Teen Death’s foot, where he nonchalantly KICKS it into the air to land on his up-stretched arm, rolling down his shoulders to his other arm, and into the Vending Machine’s slot to release Mort, who TOPPLES OUT.

MORT
Oof!

TEEN DEATH
Gotta ration, Graves. I take it ya geeked dry all your ectoplasm popping in and outta girl’s locker rooms, huh?

Still bent over, Mort heads for the doors, reacting defensively.

MORT
Among other things!

FLASH! Teen Death disappears, only to reappear in front of Mort. He straightens him into an upright position -- CRACK!

TEEN DEATH
Mort, dead dude baby... I need a little favor, here!

Ignoring him, Mort moves around him, opening the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL -- LATE AFTERNOON

Mort SNEAKS IN, where only his family is in attendance.

PAN TO MORT’S SEATED FAMILY - DAD GRAVES, bored, pouring a beer into a champagne glass, while MOM GRAVES reads a tabloid paper.

MOM GRAVES
Wow, “Baby born with mustache...”
(tearfully sentimental)
Just like my kids. The last time I ever really enjoyed their company.

NEXT TO HER -- CYNDI GRAVES plucks a hair from her upper lip with tweezers, sighing heavily as she gazes into a compact mirror.

CYNDI
Always the deflowered girl, never the bride.

Next to her, little brother Kyle is slyly dipping into her purse for her wallet, coming up with a string of CONDOM PACKS. He grins, stabbing a pin into each one, then returning them.

KYLE
Don’t sweat it, sis. I think yer luck’s gonna change real soon. (chuckle)

BEHIND THEM -- Mort takes a seat, Teen Death materializing by RISING UP through the floor next to him to perch on the back of the pew like a vulture.

TEEN DEATH
(hushed)
Listen, I need you to cover for me tonight. I got this chilled date with a babe of major rigor-mortis, and --

MORT
Shhh!

ANGLE ON THE PREACHER -- Grandma and the Groom back in position. The Groom falters woozily, Grandma shoving his cane under his butt to prop him up.

ELDERLY PREACHER
...and while the groom is still warm, I now pronounce you Husband and Wife. You may now pop another nitroglycerin tablet, then attempt to um... kiss your bride.

ON GRANDMA -- stopping the Groom’s incoming face with her hand.

GRANDMA
First a toast! Here’s to weak hearts and community property laws!

She grabs the hem of her wedding dress and HIKES IT WAAAY UP, FLASHING her Groom to the SCREECH STRINGS of “Psycho music”.

GRANDMA (CONT)
Bottoms up!

The Elderly Preacher gets an eyeful, suddenly CLUTCHING his heart, comically DROPPING DEAD.

PREACHER
(dying groan)

THE GROOM squints at her, patting his pockets for something --

GROOM
Hold that pose, I gotta find my glasses.

ANGLE ON THE FAMILY -- all staring in shock.

KYLE
Whoa, wrinkle-o-rama!

ON DAD GRAVES -- rushing to smooth Grandma’s dress down.

DAD GRAVES
Mom! What’d I tell you about flashing innocent people with that gravity challenged body of yours?

He glances back at Mom Graves --

DAD GRAVES (CONT)
(shuddering)
It’s like the ghost of things to come.

GRANDMA shoves Dad Graves aside when she sees Mort coming.

GRANDMA
Oh, Mort, dear! You’re just in time.

MORT
Grandma! What are you -- ?

When Mort gets there, she grabs his head, kisses it, then --

GRANDMA (CONT)
Hubby needs a little head-butt into the afterlife.

-- REMOVES it entirely from his shoulders, TOSSING it to --

THE GROOM -- who catches Mort’s head, as he slips on a pair of eyeball enlarging coke-bottle glasses.

GROOM’S POV -- as the radically out-of-focus head of Mort comes into sharp focus as it’s brought closer, BUG-EYED distorted.

MORT’S HEAD
Um... Congratulations?

THE GROOM, seized with a heart attack, falls flat on his back.

GROOM
(cardiac swoon)

Mort’s head sent flying over to --

A DARK CORNER OF THE CHAPEL -- where TEEN DEATH, catches it, spins it on his finger, then BOUNCES it like a basketball.

TEEN DEATH
Mort, Mort, Mort! You D.O.A.’ed that old duffer to a premature dirt nap, man. He wasn’t even in the Death Register, yet. And my ol’ man really hates a messed up schedule!

MORT
Oh yeah. The Grim Reaper -- Mr. anal retentive!

TEEN DEATH
More like Mr. One-way ticket to major league fire, brimstone, and perdition for you! You’re toast, bud.
(does a sky hook)
T.D. shoots!

Teen Death does a SKY HOOK, Mort’s head arcing right into the arms of MORT’S BODY, who screws it back on.

TEEN DEATH
He scores! Well, since the graveworm has certainly turned, forget doing me a favor, chump! You are now big time <u>indebted</u> to me.

MORT
(sarcastic)
Funny how that worked out.

TEEN DEATH
Here’s the game plan! I’ll smooth over your faux pas with pops, but I expect your sorry carcass sittin’ in the Netherworld fillin’ in for me!

MORT
T.D., I know squat about inducting stiffs.

Teen Death shoves a “beeper” at Mort.

TEEN DEATH
My “pager.” When it beeps, BAM - you’re in the Netherworld greetin’ the newly croaked. Just follow the manual. It’s brainless, even for you.
(starts to dematerialize)
You do this right, and we’ll be as square as a fat casket! Later!

Teen Death vanishes, leaving a befuddled Mort standing there. We hear Grandma’s angry voice --

GRANDMA (OS)
His entire fortune is going to charity?

ANGLE ON GRANDMA -- yelling into a cell phone next to Dad Graves.

GRANDMA (CONT)
That puckered piker hadn’t changed his will yet?

Grandma is stunned, sticking the phone into her purse, as a passing Kyle dips in and steals it. She WEEPS on Dad’s shoulder.

GRANDMA
(weeping)
He was the perfect match. Wealthy and unhealthy.

DAD GRAVES
There, there, mom... let’s stop by the hospital, maybe someone in the Terminal Ward will strike your fancy.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHAPEL -- EVENING

The door opens and Mort steps out, paying no attention to:

A TOW TRUCK -- hauling away the CRASHED COP CAR from earlier. It's bumper sticker reads, *"Say No To Crack".*

FAST PAN to the Cop, bent over with his butt-CRACK showing as he collects all the loose meter coins from the street.

SLICK (OS)
Yo, dead teenager!

ANGLE ON SLICK AND WEIRDO -- rushing towards Mort, Weirdo waving a slip of paper.

SLICK (CONT)
We have scored some titillatin' news, man! Detail it, Weirdo!

WEIRDO
Right in French class, this note fell outta Kimberly Dimenmein's purse and I snagged it! She don't even know!

MORT
It "fell" out?

WEIRDO
Well... it was going to.

SLICK
I about hadda rip it outta Weirdo's nostrils.

MORT
You losers can barely speak English, what're you doin' takin' French?

WEIRDO
To impress chicks! Y'know, in swanky French Restaurants.

MORT
Oh, right, like "Jacque Een De Bocks."

Mort grabs the note, opening it.

MORT
(ho-hum)
What is this, her locker combination? Lingerie receipt?

CLOSE ON NOTE -- in Mort’s hand.

MORT (CONT)(VO)
*“Moonlight swim at the Reservoir - nine o’clock...”*

CLOSE ON MORT-- starting to tremble, FLAPPING the note nervously.

MORT (CONT)
*“And don’t bother b-b-bringing a s-suit.” Signed, Lance.*
(in total pubescent wonder)
If my heart were still beatin’... it woulda just skipped one.

IN THE BACKGROUND - we see the Cop with his armload of coins picking up the last one, unaware that a STEAMROLLER approaches --

NEW ANGLE ON BOYS -- as we hear the O.S. SQUISH of the Cop.

MORT
Synchronize your watches, Peep Show Partners, we’re stakin’ out the ol’ swimmin’ hole!

Suddenly Mort’s pager BEEPS, giving him a comical electric JOLT.

MORT
(electrical shock yell)

CUT TO:

EXT. NETHERWORLD -- NEXT INSTANT

In the same exact pose, Mort appears, though now he’s wearing a heavy Death Shroud, with a pleasant little NAME TAG: *“Hi, I’m Mort. Have A Nice Eternity!”.*

MORT (CONT)
(electrical shock yell)

Huh? Where...?
(realizes where he is)
Not the Netherworld! Not NOW!

Mort turns around, STARTLED upon seeing --

MORT
Yaaa!

He's at a CHECK-OUT REGISTER, with a LONG LINE of DEAD PEOPLE all awaiting processing, starting with the blank-staring Preacher.

MORT
(trying to remain calm)
Okay-okay, I gotta check in the stiffs... Um.. now, the manual says, uh... Hey! Where's the...

A huge Manual appears overhead, falls on Mort's head, and bounces onto the counter, opening up.

MORT (CONT)
...Ow! Manual.
(fast mumbling as he reads)
...lessee, bar-code, nine items or less... paper or plastic, cross-reference with the official Roster...
(looking for it)
Roster, Roster, Roster -- you all hadda die tonight of all nights... where is that Roster...?

BINK! The Roster -- a large calculator-type device, materializes over his head again, Mort flinching to one side, the Roster compensating, then falling on his head. Annoyed, he plugs it into the register -- CLICK.

MORT (CONT)
Aargh! Here we go! Okay, dead people, time to check out!
(checks watch)
We got one hour to get you bagged, boxed, & divinely delivered into the here-after! So, um... look alive.

BEGIN SERIES OF VIGNETTES --

1) Mort presses numerous register keys.

MORT
SKU number, destination code, multiplied by 666, no return policy, and... Welcome. Occupation and cause of death?

PREACHER
(shell-shocked)
The Pale rider... she came at me in a wedding dress.... it’s burned into my retinas... for all eternity!

MORT
Take it to customer service, I only work here.

Mort uses a HAND-HELD BAR-CODE SCANNER and scans the dazed Preacher’s forehead -- BINK -- he disappears.

2) THE COMICALLY FLATTENED COP steps up to Mort.

MORT
Occupation and cause of death?

FLATTENED COP
Cop! Steam Roller!

MORT
Wow, that flat out sucks.
(chuckles)
“Flat out”... get it?
(the woozy cop stares blankly)
Next!

Mort scans him - BINK! He too disappears.

3) The STEAMROLLER DRIVER steps up, two broken police batons over his head and shoulders, sparking Tazer-gun wires on his chest.

MORT (CONT)
Occupation and cause of death?

STEAMROLLER DRIVER
Steamroller driver! Not a fast enough runner!

4) A dozen white-robbed CULT FOLLOWERS hold cups of Kool-Aid, their upper lips purple with it. Mort types in more codes.

MORT (CONT)
Occupation and cause of death?

CULT WOMAN
Loyal cult followers of Master Oopin!
Cause of death -- Martyrdom!

CULT FOLLOWERS
(chanting and toasting enthusiastically)
Martyrdom! Martyrdom! Martyrdom!

CULT WOMAN
(holding up a flyer with picture)
By the way, anyone seen Master Oopin?

CULT MAN
Not since the final toast. Say, anyone seen my wife?

Mort aims the scanner like a pistol, rapid firing it at every Cult Follower down the line. BINK-BINK-BINK-BINK.

MORT
Bodda-bing, Bodda-bang! I'm hot!
Maybe I found my Eternal Calling?

5) CLOSE ON REGISTER -- showing dozens of BUTTONS, Mort punching them, some lighting up, some FLASHING and BEEPING in alarm until they all suddenly light up at once and freeze that way.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
System off line. Do not reboot. Call for maintenance. Repeat, do not reboot.

MORT
Reboot, shmeeboot! This slinger ain't waitin' for no maintenance!

Mort reaches in and PRESSES the big "REBOOT BUTTON", the register lights BLINKING OUT, then POWERING BACK UP.

QUICK DISSOLVES of others reaching the front of the line.

6) Three TEEN SURFERS with shark bites and chewed up boards. BINK-BINK-BINK -- they all disappear.

7) A SURGERY PATIENT with an array of huge proctology instruments protruding from his open gown and unseen rear end. Since he's already bent over, Mort runs his head over the counter scanner.

ANGLE ON MORT -- madly crunching numbers on the register, tape unspooling wildly.

MORT (VO)
(mumbling, over scenes)
...non-smoking discount, plus the weekday demise benefit package... minus total television viewing hours at a ten percent penalty...

NEXT UP --

8) A SLOBBY MAN holding a television remote, a ROLLING PIN half buried in his skull. BINK!

9) A YOUNG GIRL with half her arm in the mouth of a chewing CABBAGE PATCH-LIKE DOLL, her hair in the mouth of another. BINK!

ANGLE ON EXHAUSTED MORT -- looking up to see he's finally done.

MORT
Yeah! One hundred and one "in" -- one hundred and one "out"... with ten minutes to spare! And not a lost soul in sight for at least...
(yanks out Roster, reads it)
...twelve minutes! Aw, man!
*"Convenience store robber slain by Blind Customer."*

Mort tosses the Roster, then starts bearing down hard in an attempt to disappear.

MORT
(straining)
That's just two minutes to play with.
(straining grunt)

POP -- he disappears.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE -- NIGHT

MORT STARTS TO MATERIALIZE -- but he’s fading in and out.

MORT
(straining, extra effort grunt)

He bears down harder, until finally -- POP -- he fully appears. He looks puzzled, then performs a quick underwear check.

MORT
(relieved sigh)

RAUCOUS PARTY MUSIC turns him around -- PUSH IN FAST on his alarmed face as he REACTS TO:

MORT
Holy Crypt Crack! That reboot musta drop-kicked ’em all here!

THE ENTIRE TOWN SQUARE -- is like “Night Of The Living Dead” meets “Gremlins” with every new arrival from the Netherworld now here, and they’re having one heck of a zombie party. Rock music, dancing, looting, joy riding, crashing, hydrants spraying.

FAST SHOTS -- of the town square.

A DIZZY MAN -- wearing a wet, battered “Niagara Falls” barrel, stumbles through the hydrant spray and past a --

HEADLESS LION TAMER -- who snaps his whip, jabbing his little wooden chair at anyone who passes him.

IN THE STREET -- VARIOUS CAR WRECK VICTIMS, including a PROM COUPLE holding beer bottles, and an RTD BUS DRIVER, play hopscotch over chalk body outlines in the asphalt.

Nearby, MICHAEL JACKSON is doing the “Thriller” dance in synch with a group of Zombies. Among the dancers are SLICK and WEIRDO, doing jumping jacks while flirting with two dancing ZOMBIE WOMEN with torn clothes, gashed heads and a trashed T-Bird convertible.

SLICK (CONT)
Killer moves, ladies. Why don't you thrill us with your names?

ZOMBIE WOMAN (SUSAN SARANDON)
That's for you studs to find out.

ZOMBIE WOMAN (GEENA DAVIS)
Are ya up for a little hot roddin into canyon country?

WEIRDO
(bad French)
Ooooh, wee-wee mon cherry.

WHIP PAN TO:

BULLET-RIDDLED POSTAL WORKERS -- who kick over mail boxes, throwing mail into the air like confetti, instinctively hitting the deck upon hearing --

POP-POP-POP-POP -- A BRATTY KID, with charred face and a burnt stub for a hand, throws fire crackers. NEARBY:

THE DEAD GROOM is trying to flee an angry GRANDMA GRAVES, though in slow, arthritic motion. As they PASS BY --

GRANDMA
You better run, 'cause hell hath no fury like a woman with no money!

THE CULT FOLLOWERS -- have opened a sidewalk Kool-Aid Stand, a banner reading, *"HELP FINANCE OUR SEARCH".* Pictured on posters are the CULT LEADER, and the Cult Man's WIFE, stenciled with the words, "missing". The Cult Man sits there, stewing.

FAST CUT TO:

DESERTED HIGHWAY -- ANGLE ON HITCHHIKERS -- MASTER OOPIN and the missing CULT WIFE, giggling and cuddling together, thumbs out.

MASTER OOPIN/CULT WIFE
(giggles and smooches)

FAST CUT BACK TO:

TOWN SQUARE -- ON MORT -- totally flabbergasted, starting to run after all the Zombies in a vain attempt to herd them.

MORT
Go back! GO BACK!! This is just a clerical error! You're all gonna get me in trouble! Wha--?

Mort frantically REACTS to --

LANCE'S CONVERTIBLE-- with LANCE and KIMBERLY cruising through town, passing a road sign pointing to the "Reservoir." They're busy smooching, oblivious to the craziness.

A FRENZIED MORT turns to the KONVENIENCE KORNER market nearby.

MORT
No-no-no-no! I am <u>not</u> missing my rendezvous in Hooterville 'cause some nitwit robber gets caned by a blind man!

He reaches out for a PASSING ZOMBIE ARCHER JUDGE (with badge), who is pinned to a large target by several arrows. Mort yanks out one arrow, then turns to --

ANOTHER ZOMBIE -- A FOREIGN DICTATOR (ala Saddam Hussein) whose neck is looped with a noose. Mort yanks the rope up and tight, using it like a bow string to SHOOT THE ARROW, then heads into the MARKET.

FAST ON LANCE'S CONVERTIBLE -- as the arrow FZZZZT -- hits a tire, flattening it. The car SPINS two fast 360's, then stops, Lance and Kimberly still passionately making out.

CUT TO:

INT. KONVENIENCE KORNER MARKET -- NIGHT -- NEXT MOMENT

REAR ANGLE ON THE ROBBER -- lurking behind an aisle display, a stocking mask over his face. Suddenly Mort is behind him, SPINNING him around, full of bravado.

MORT
Freeze, Hose-head! You're pathetic life of crime is muckin' up my pursuit of a cheap thrill!

CLOSE ON ROBBER -- slowly removing his mask to reveal him to be the HOOD who mugged Mort earlier. He SNARLS menacingly.

HOOD
(vile, pitiless growl)

FAST ON MORT -- mouth dropping open in total shock.

MORT
D-Did I say Hose-Head? I meant... um, what I meant to say is...hmmm --
(to audience)
What the heck rhymes with “hose-head?”
Oof!

The Hood’s meaty fist POUNDS DOWN on the top of Mort’s head.

STARS FLASH TO BLACK

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. KONVENIENCE KORNER MARKET -- NIGHT -- AS BEFORE

ANGLE ON REVOLVING COMIC BOOK RACK -- SPINNING out of control with Mort in it. He's suddenly FLUNG FROM IT to land in a --

DISPLAY OF TOILET PAPER -- which basically explodes around him in TP streamers. Completely mummied up, Mort staggers right into:

MORT
Whaaa-oof!

A FLOOR STYLE FREEZER -- flipping into it. He peeks out.

MORT
Okay! Another tactic! Let's explore exactly why you're such a scuzzy, low-life hood! Maybe if we get to the root -- OOOLP!

THE HOOD -- WHACKS the nozzles off a bank of SLURPEE MACHINES with one sweep of his arm.

POOOOSH -- multicolored jets of Slurpee SHOOT OUT and cover Mort in a frozen mountain with a curly-cue top.

THE HOOD -- heads to the front of the store where the register is, grabbing a pack of Oreo Cookies, dumping them into his mouth.

HOOD
(primal eating grunts)

ANGLE ON THE SLURPEE MOUNTAIN -- as it freezes solid in the freezer, Mort's figure posed with hands holding his head, which is separated from his shoulders. The Slurpee mountain starts to teeter from Mort's rocking effort within.

MORT (VO)
(muffled exertion grunts)

CUSTOMER POV -- pushing a cart toward the Slurpee mountain as it TOPPLES in his path and BREAKS APART, Mort splayed on the floor, head just out of reach. Just as he reaches for it, however, the customer runs right over the top of him - BA-BUMP.

CLOSE ON MORT -- as he’s run over.

MORT
Uuf!  Uuf!  Ow!

WHACK -- a white cane SMACKS his head, spinning it like a top, until Mort’s body retrieves it, twisting it back on.

MORT (CONT)
Hey, what are you, Bli--

Mort is startled to see that the CUSTOMER is --

MORT (CONT)
Blind?!  You’re blind?!  Oh, man, the Death Roster said it’s a “blind” guy who whacks that Hood.

Mort pops to his feet, shooting a FAST LOOK out --

THE WINDOW -- where Lance’s car is moving again, pulling away from a one armed ZOMBIE TOW-TRUCK DRIVER, who wasn’t quite finished with the wheel, his remaining arm stuck and now torn off as well.  He goes to kick at the moving car, but his cadaverous leg snaps off, flipping through the air.

SWISH PAN TO FRONT COUNTER -- where the Hood is waiting behind TWO VERY YOUNG TEENAGERS in fake mustaches, trying to buy beer.

1ST YOUNG TEENAGER
I.D.?  We didn’t need no stinkin’ I.D. to fight for our country in Nam!

2ND YOUNG TEENAGER
‘Sides, it was all those Agent Orange cigarettes that stunted our growth.

THE HOOD empties a bag of chips into his already packed mouth, and chews dryly, starting to look a little thirsty.

SWISH PAN BACK TO MORT -- PANICKED -- taking the Blind Man by the elbow, urging him to the restrooms.

MORT (CONT)
(rushed)
Sir, allow me to help you into the restroom, huh?

BLIND MAN
Thank you, young man. But I --

MORT
My pleasure. Just be a sweetie and wipe the seatie.

Mort shuts the man inside, the door revealing a LADIES ROOM sign.

LADY IN RESTROOM (VO)
(shriek)

BLIND MAN (VO)
It’s okay, lady. I’m blind!

SFX: FACE SLAP.

AT THE FRONT OF THE STORE -- Mort rushes up to CAMERA --

MORT
There! No blind man, no slain robber, now I’m off to the... WHAAAA!

His eyes widen upon seeing --

SIX BLIND CUSTOMERS -- filing into the store.

ON MORT -- dumbfounded.

MORT
Oh man, a death squad!

CLOSE ON COUNTER -- where the Hood has reached the front, shoving his hand into his jacket pocket, pointing an unseen gun. His mouth is so full of cookies and chips that he can hardly talk.

HOOD
(garbled)
Gibbe aller unney!

COUNTER CLERK
What? Honey? Aisle three.

HOOD
(garbled)
Ooo! unn-eee! Gacksh!

COUNTER CLERK
Cash? Sure, I can make change. I have a whole drawer full of it, see?

The Hood gawks at piles of cash in the register, then motions for the Counter Clerk to get down on the floor.

HOOD
(garbled)
Gown onna fwoor!

The clerk opens the safe and pulls out a wad of cash.

COUNTER CLERK
More? Oh yes... lots more in the safe. Want me to break some hundreds for you?

HOOD
(frustrated groan)

Suddenly, the Hood hears a heavenly sound -- LIQUID POURING.

FAST PAN TO MORT -- calmly filling a glass with cold MILK from a carton. He looks up at him with a knowing grin.

MORT
Got milk?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. NEAR WINDOW -- MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON MILK POURING - PULL OUT AS - GLUG-GLUG-GLUG! The Hood downs the milk in ecstasy. Mort watches in satisfaction.

HOOD
(desperate drinking sounds)

MORT
It does a body good, huh?

Mort whips out a dog-eared PICTURE OF KIMBERLY --

MORT (CONT)
Which means <u>she</u> drinks it by the tanker load! Now, picture this --

(starts acting it out)
Her slender, creamy white figure in sensual motion as she pours from her lacy garments, then, ever so slowly, slides into cool, glassy water.

The Hood looks at him in total confusion. Mort translates.

MORT
Naked girl in the reservoir! Wanna go?

FAST CUT TO:

EXT. KONVENIENCE KORNER MARKET -- NIGHT

SCREECH -- the Hood's blue Ford Bronco tears onto the street, heading in the same direction Lance and Kimberly had gone.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONCO -- SAME TIME

The Hood is driving, turning to stare hard at Mort. He then suddenly speaks with surprising British eloquence.

HOOD
"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience".

MORT
Wow! Very cool. You can form words.

The Hood casually PUNCHES Mort in the face -- THWACK!

HOOD
They're not my words. The great George Washington spoke them.

MORT
(knowingly)
Oh, right... the center for the Bulls?!

THWACK! He punches Mort again.

HOOD
You see, I am indeed a scuzzy, low life hood as you so insightfully presumed.

MORT
Um, that was just a figure of spe--

THWACK AGAIN!

HOOD
That honest description has fanned my spark of conscience. And I'm having an epiphany, thanks to you.

MORT
Oh, yeah? Well, that's um... that's why I said them.

Mort FLINCHES, thinking he's going to get sucker-punched again. Seeing he's safe, he bravely continues --

MORT (CONT)
Y'see, I'm a man of many levels, and --

THWACK!

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- NIGHT

ANGLE ON ROAD TURN OFF -- a sign reading "Reservoir 5 Miles". Lance's car makes the turn here off the main road, a pair of fish-net stockings flung out, getting snagged on the sign.

CAMERA WHIP PANS down the main road to the approaching Bronco.

HOOD (VO)
(lost in thought)
Simple ugliness!

CUT TO:

INT. BRONCO -- NIGHT -- SAME TIME

As Mort keeps an eye on Lance's car, the Hood waxes on.

HOOD (CONT)
I can trace my descent to “ugliness.”

Ignoring him, Mort squints out the window as they near the sign with Kimberly’s stockings draped over it.

MORT
Oh man! Breathe, Mort, breathe.

HOOD
Everything was wretchedly vile. My dear old mum looked like Freddy Krueger in drag, and my step-father was so repulsive he had to shave his butt and walk backwards. (thinks) Wait, maybe that was the dog. (thinks again) No, that was dad, all right.

Mort’s paying him absolutely no attention.

MORT
Don’t miss that turn!

HOOD
It’s obvious such visual offensiveness tainted any hope I had for the future.

Mort REACTS to flashing POLICE LIGHTS behind them.

MORT (CONT)
(aghast)
Cops?! Is this vehicle stolen?!

HOOD
My newfound conscience forbids me from telling a lie. Yes, I jacked this rig. And now I shall give myself up.

ON MORT -- appalled, reaching over and grabbing the Hood.

MORT
The hell you are!

ANGLE ON FLOOR -- Mort’s foot reaches over and STOMPS ON THE GAS.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL VIEW -- NIGHT -- SAME TIME

The Bronco SPEEDS UP, swerving recklessly, PASSING the turn-off.

MORT (VO)
Turn there! Turn there! NOOOOOOO!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD AHEAD -- NIGHT

HITCHHIKERS -- MASTER OOPIN and the missing WIFE, still cuddling together, their thumbs still out. They REACT to headlights, smiles fading as the glare gets closer, closer, CLOSER...

INT. BRONCO -- SAME TIME

BA-BUMP - BA-BUMP! The swerving Bronco obviously runs over them, the bump BOUNCING poor unbuckled Mort up and out of the SUN-ROOF.

MORT
Yaaaa....

EXT. MOVING POLICE CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Mort FLIPS through the air to land on the front of the pursuing Cop Car, his head TOPPLING OFF to roll up to the windshield.

MORT (CONT)
...aaaaaaahhh! Ooof!

INT. POLICE CAR -- SAME TIME

The COP, reacting in annoyance at Mort’s decapitated head.

COP
A decapitated kid? Ahhh, let the homicide boys deal with it!

The Cop flips on the wipers, but Mort’s head sticks on the end of one wiper, getting squeegeed back and forth, a stream of windshield cleaner SQUIRTING him in the eye.

EXT. ROAD -- MOVING POLICE CAR

Mort’s body still clings precariously to the car’s grill,

SIDE ANGLE ON COP CAR -- MOVING -- as Mort’s body pulls an *Indiana Jones*, scooting hand over hand beneath the car, unintentionally yanking out hoses as he goes, fluids and oil POURING out.

One long hose uncoils, Mort’s body finding itself skipping behind the car, still hanging on, however his pants are ripped off, leaving him in his little white briefs.

FAST ON MORT’S HEAD -- FLIPPED off the wiper to land WEDGED against the roof’s light bar.  He sees his brief-clad body.

MORT’S HEAD
Out in public in my underwear... like I don’t have enough angst without my worst nightmare coming true.

WIDER ANGLE -- showing the Bronco turning a corner, the cop car in close pursuit, Mort’s body sailing out to the side, plowing over the “arrow” sign to break it off.  In a shower of sparks, Mort’s body now rides the sign like a boogie board.

CLOSER -- as the sparks ignite the flowing car fluids behind Mort’s body, as he briskly pulls himself toward the rear bumper.

Another sharp swerve POPS MORT’S HEAD off the lightbar --

MORT’S HEAD
Uuf!

REAR ANGLE ON CAR -- Mort’s head lands back on his shoulders just as he successfully grabs hold of the bumper, the flames heating up his rear end.

MORT
Ow-ow-ow-ow!

The trunk lid POPS OPEN thanks to a ticked off Teen Death, Mort clipped under the chin by the lid, his head flipped off again.

TEEN DEATH
I gotta bone to pick with you, Mort!

Forced to let go and retrieve his head, Mort’s body tumbles away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD -- EMBANKMENT -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Mort’s body SAILS out over a long, steep embankment, his head tumbling through the air, whistling at the body.

MORT’S HEAD
(whistles)
Over here!

Mort’s body grabs his head out of mid-air, trying to replace it as he tumbles down the steep grade, dislodging loose boulders.

CUT TO:

EXT. CURVING ROAD BELOW -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON THE BRONCO -- as it comes around the downhill curve, just as Mort comes flying off the embankment, head in hand, to land back through the sun-roof.

MORT
Whoooooaaaa...(landing grunt)

A DISLODGED BOULDER comes down the hillside right at the Bronco, bumping it off the road and out over the Reservoir far below.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH OVER RESERVOIR -- CONTINUOUS

The Bronco PLUMMETS straight down, CRASH LANDING in a GIANT OAK TREE, where it becomes snagged in its heavy branches, the doors flung open, the Hood and Mort’s body spilling out --

TO THE GROUND BELOW -- where Slick and Weirdo are hiding in their bushy “duck blind”, PEERING through binoculars at the Reservoir. After a beat, Mort’s head lands back on his shoulders, but backwards.

MORT/THE HOOD
(landing impact grunts)

CLOSE ON SLICK AND WEIRDO -- reacting to their arrival, as Mort’s head swivels around to face front.

SLICK
Whoa, mondo cool entrance, Mort.
(glances at Mort’s underwear)
An’ dressed f’the occasion.

WEIRDO
Ooh! She’s comin’ round the mountain.

Weirdo pulls out the infamous “note”, gives it a quick SMELL, then re-pockets it.

Mort reaches over and grabs the binoculars from Slick, who then promptly takes the others from Weirdo, who simply curls up his hands and looks through.

MORT
What’s she doing?

MORT’S POV -- THROUGH BINOCULARS -- showing Lance’s car pulling to a stop, that zombie arm still stuck in the hubcap. It YANKS itself free and quickly fingerwalks OFFSCREEN.

KIMBERLY opens the passenger side door, unfolds her goddess legs, then gracefully emerges wearing a skimpy dress.

MORT (VO)
Oh man, oh man, oh man... up ‘til now, I’ve only envisioned those sugar plums dancing in my head.

ANGLE ON THE HOOD -- snatching the binoculars from Mort, who promptly snatches them from Slick. Slick glowers, Weirdo offering his curled hands for Slick to look through.

HOOD
This promises to be a miraculous turning point in my miserable life. No more ugliness. Only beauty!

HOOD’S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS -- BACKED BY THE MOON, Kimberly’s slow and sensuous fingers unbutton the front of her dress.

ON THE GROUP as FLASH -- Teen Death materializes, YANKING Mort back behind everyone else, binoculars flying into Weirdo’s hands.

Weirdo and Slick share the binoculars, banging heads together, each taking a side, not realizing the binoculars are backward.

WEIRDO
Whoa! How'd she get so far away?

CLOSER ON MORT AND TEEN DEATH -- Teen Death fuming.

TEEN DEATH
Mort, it's bogus enough ya go and unleash "Party Night Of The Living Duds" into town --

MORT still tries to see, craning his neck.

MORT
Not now, fantasy and reality are about to do the bumpity-bump.

TEEN DEATH
(turning Mort's face)
-- but worse, ya detour this Hood from his just rewards! If my old man gets wind of this --

LIGHTNING CRACKS! Teen Death and Mort REACT upward at a SWIRLING VORTEX OF DARK CLOUDS, which shapes into the shrouded --

GRIM REAPER -- who extends one bony finger at Teen Death, wagging it slowly to silently admonish him.

MORT
Uh-oh... busted.

MORT AND TEEN DEATH hang their heads in shame, though Mort sneaks a peek toward the Reservoir.

CLOSER ON GRIM REAPER -- churning into a STORMY WHIRLWIND. Mort gets panicked as he realizes --

MORT
Whoa-whoa-whoa -- Mr. Reaper... sir. Parental duty aside, would you possibly consider waiting for just a few --

LIGHTNING CRACKLES within the whirlwind, shutting Mort up.

ON SLICK AND WEIRDO -- drooling in anticipation, oblivious to the STORMY WHIRLWIND - spinning faster, lightning crackling.

MORT clambers up on Teen Death's shoulders to see:

ON KIMBERLY - pulling her dress off her shoulders.

THE STORMY WHIRLWIND rises high into the night air, the Reaper's Scythe emerging from the top to send a BLINDING BOLT OF LIGHTNING to hit the Bronco in the tree.

CLOSER ON THE BRONCO -- as the lightning burns the blue paint off, leaving it ashen white. It shakes from the lightning blast.

FAST ANGLE ON MORT -- the blast KNOCKING him off of T.D.'s shoulders to land on both Weirdo and Slick, all knocked to the ground and behind the bushes in a tangle of arms and legs.

MORT/SLICK/WEIRDO
(desperate struggling noises)

ANGLE ON KIMBERLY'S SILKEN LEGS -- as her dress falls ever so slowly around her ankles.

ANGLE ON THE HOOD -- lowering the binoculars, staring out in total, life-changing awe.

HOOD
At long last my eyes have beheld beauty. I am reborn!

WIDEN to see the BRONCO above him - LURCHING as a branch SNAPS --

CRAAAAASSSH! It DROPS right on top of him, delivering a divine death blow -- account settled. A GHOSTLY APPARITION of the Hood rises from the Bronco, wafting heavenwards.

HOOD
And my soul has been purged of its evils...

Suddenly the Hood's spirit reverses direction and goes down into the ground.

HOOD (OS)
Oh well... Damn.

The Whirlwind spins into nothingness with a reverberating THUNDER CLAP.

FAST ANGLE ON LANCE -- in the water, turning to look as the thunder echoes across the water. He frowns in anger.

LANCE
(angry growl)

ANGLE ON TEEN DEATH -- shaking his head.

TEEN DEATH
Dad. He can be so dramatic!

MORT rises, whipping the smoldering binoculars to his eyes --

MORT'S POV -- THROUGH BINOCULARS -- showing Kimberly lowering in the water a tantalizing split second too late to see anything.

MORT droops in heart-breaking disappointment, comically sobbing.

MORT
(mournful sobbing)

Teen Death takes him by the arm and ESCORTS him away, handing him a copy of "National Geo-Carnage" as they disappear into an ectoplasmic haze, which dissipates.

TEEN DEATH (VO)
Here ya go, babe! Page 36 oughta ease your sorrow - "Native Women Get A Trampoline".

ANGLE ON SLICK AND WEIRDO -- REACTING TO --

WEIRDO
Yuh-oh...

LANCE running towards them, naked, unseen from the waist down.

WEIRDO (CONT)(VO)
...jock on a rampage!

BACK ON WEIRDO AND SLICK -- scrambling into the abandoned Bronco.

SLICK
See what our perverted desires have brought us, Weirdo? We’re depraved!

WEIRDO
Yer right! Next time we stick with them dead chicks.

VROOOM! They PEEL OUT -- the streaking form of Lance RACING PAST CAM after them --

FAST PAN TO A HIGH CANYON WALL -- where, racing along, we see the two dead chicks and the two YOUNG TEENS IN FAKE MUSTACHES from the market.

YOUNG TEEN #1
We scored the brew and smokes, so howzbout them names of yours?

ZOMBIE WOMAN (GEENA DAVIS)
Why, I’m Thelma ...

The zombie women clasp hands as the car SOARS OFF THE EDGE.

ZOMBIE WOMAN (CONT)
... and this here’s Louise. YEEE-HAAA!

YOUNG TEEN #1
I thought older women were supposed to be easier?

IRIS TO BLACK as we hear the resulting CRAAAASH!

END ACT TWO

TAG

EXT. TOWN SQUARE -- NIGHT

The zombie party is still raging, a LIMBO DANCE where each Zombie gets its head knocked off going under the pole.

SHOOM - three caskets on wheels SMASH out of a mortuary window to join a Zombie coffin race in progress down the street.

A sudden FLASH OF LIGHTNING brings a giant NETHERWORLD GARBAGE TRUCK into the town square, the casket race CRASHING into it. The truck's hydraulic forks SCOOP them all up and over, dumping them into the holding bin, where FLASH -- they disappear.

NEW ANGLE -- showing the 102 year old Groom still trying to outrun Grandma, VEERING OFF to do a "Fosbury Flop" into the back of the truck to get away from her. She shakes her fist.

GRANDMA
I'll see you soon enough!
(beat)
Unless I get senile and forget who you are!

CUT TO:

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK -- SAME TIME

A dejected Teen Death operates the controls, Mort with him, punching buttons on the Death Roster for every zombie load.

MORT
...forty eight, forty nine, fifty... (bored sigh) I don't know, T.D., I just don't understand romance!

TEEN DEATH
Well, I doubt it has anything to do with peeking at skinny dippers.

MORT
What does Kimberly want with a phony like Lance when she can have someone almost real, like me? Huh?

Suddenly, the now-white Bronco speeds toward the front of the Garbage Truck, Slick and Weirdo inside, swerving to miss them, a line of six POLICE CARS in steady pursuit.

Teen Death points through the windshield.

TEEN DEATH
There's reason number one, right there!

FAST CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT -- SAME TIME

After the last Police Car comes a naked Lance still hoofing it after the Bronco, shaking his fists.

TEEN DEATH (VO)
In fact, that’s reason one through ten!

PULL UP INTO AERIAL VIEW -- CAMERA following the heavily pursued white Bronco. We hear a DIAL TONE, a number rapid dialed, then:

FILTERED VOICE
Law Offices.

SLICK (VO)
Yeah, um... Johnny Cochran, please.

As we TILT UP TO THE HORIZON -- a dozen NEWS COPTERS begin descending on the area as we -- FADE OUT

THE END